



Destroying the walls of my existence



👁 3 ✓ 0 ★ 1

Chapter 1 by Andrea Rodriguez

We're in the central park, that's how they want to call it, but really is the place of bad news, never has a single tree ¿why "park" then?

I can't complain, since the rationing began, any useful thing has been stolen, changed, sold or used.

The walls are empty, the streets are naked and the people make what they can

But returning to the subject, the mayor is in the podium...

after many phrases without sense, I can make you a summary:

The Mayor says:

"difficult times are coming" (¿ We aren't there yet?)

"We have to work harder to keep this lifestyle" (¿what "lifestyle"?¿government lifestyle?)

"We take tough decisions" (But my parents work for twelve hours to get the basic for live because your decisions, not you)

"Now, the kids has to make their part to keep this system running, there are too many kids without office" (Damn it!...)

"Children... You're the new explorers to bring supplies, food and notices from outside the city, It will be like like a game and there is no danger, the histories about treasures are true, go and get

some good things for me and your people, You will make us feel proud" (¿)

My parents just look at me and I... I'm going to die, no one can fight against the evil things at the city, I'm going to die, (sure, I'm going to die, but ok I'm going to see a t...

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

i You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) | [!\[\]\(3211b5d1d968fc1665909b34f9f16010_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(d47ad152ec3d86a04ad64c8049e1f17f_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(6b7fbb0b7bdb78cadf73d50851a4dfb1_img.jpg\)](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account